

Forever In His Eyes

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Summary: Scully's thoughts just prior to and during "the kiss".

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Rating: PG for swear word

Spoilers: "Millenium"

Disclaimer: Disclaimer: Oddly enough, I am not Chris Carter, 1013 Productions, or the Fox Network, so I sadly am not making one red cent off of this. "The X-Files", and the characters Scully and Mulder are the brain child of Chris Carter and owned by him. I am just an appreciative fan who had some free time and nothing better to do. I am also an extremely poor grad student, so please don't sue, you won't get nada.

Note: This is a vignette originally written to convince Crysta that the Scully and Mulder kiss was "just right". Then, Gillian Taylor insisted that I submit it here, so after writing the companion piece: "Happy New Year", I am. This is **my first** attempt at fan fic, and it was written in less than 20 minutes late one night. Critiques will be appreciated.

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Forever In His Eyes

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She's a sweet little girl. All curls and smiles and sparkling eyes.

And love.

You can see the love for her father in her eyes when I tell her I can take her to see him now. She's so excited, she's so sweet, she's so innocent. Mr. Black is damn lucky to have her as his child, and he knows it.

I wish I could have one just as sweet. Damn.

"There's someone here to see you." I say and smile a short time later.

She bounds through the door like a hyperactive kangaroo. I watch the joyous reunion, and then the departure. Father and daughter hand in hand walk out the door to start the new millenium afresh. Each giving and receiving each other's love and joy silently in their clasped hands.

I am thinking of this as I watch the ball drop in Times Square on the psych ward's waiting room TV. I'm thinking of my father and myself at that age tracing out constellations in the sky. I'm thinking of my mother, Melissa, Bill, Charlie. . .Emily.

I am thinking of Mulder. All in the ten seconds it takes for the ball to drop, my mind clicks off my loved ones in my head. It stops at Mulder.

What am I supposed to do with him? Where do I classify him in the corner of my mind labeled "Love"? You don't love your partner. Friend? Absolutely, my very best and most wonderful friend, despite his quirks, but that label can't contain all of Mulder. Still, I do love him in his Mulder-y way. . .

Happy New Year! Should old acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind. . .

He's looking at me, I can feel it, I turn, and I see it.

There. Right there. You can see it in his eyes, but I can't quite place it.

Then he kisses me.

I don't lean into the kiss. I don't put my arm around his neck and pull him in deeper. I don't do anything. I just let it happen. I enjoy it. Ok, so I kiss back, but that's it.

It's an almost chaste kiss, but it's warm and it floods my very soul. It's a wonderful feeling. I never thought it would feel quite that good, but it does.

We break apart and I look into his face smiling.

No, the world didn't come to an end, but. . .

His eyes. It's there again, but I recognize it now.

It's love.

Not partner love, not best friend love.

Love, love.

Romantic love.

For me.

Oh. My. God.

I look away quickly before I give myself away. Before he has time to see in my eyes what he allowed me to see in his.

I've seen that look so often, for so long. How come I never recognized it before for what it was? Was I blind? No, I knew it was there. Because it was in mine too, but he broke the rules! You're not supposed to let the other know how you feel! That leads to emotions and complications and. . .and what?

He's hurt. I can hear it in his voice. There's no Happiness in his "Happy New Year", so I just mumble back without looking at him.

I can't think. I'm confused. What should I do?

Do? Do nothing. Just let it happen.

We walk through the door into the new millenium with his arm around my shoulder. I could put my own around his waist, I know. But I don't. I just let it happen because I know what I saw in his eyes.

I saw love.

And I saw forever.

We have time to do this right. More than enough time.

End
file.